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Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

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EXCELLENT BRUSSELS,
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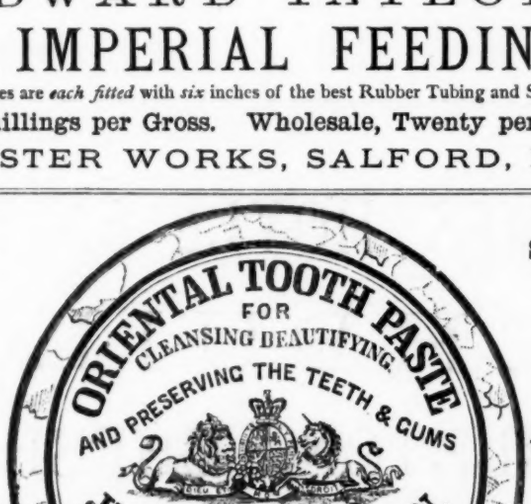

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G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the Piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 and 54a, High-street, and 13, Church-street.

A WALK TO NORTHWICH.

"O TO be in England now that April's here!" sighed Robert Browning when far away in fair Florence, longing even in Italy for a sight of the fresh green grass and budding beauty of an English Spring-time. "O to be in Wales!" said we, looking from the pent-up streets to the cloudless beauty of the sky on some of these wondrous April days, dreaming the while of the glory of the mountains in such resplendent weather. And Wales it should have been had the fates been propitious; but, they willing otherwise, we were content to fall back upon "minute philosophy," and take our brief holiday walk nigher home, and in the neighbouring county of Cheshire.

So we start out, three of us, Diogenes, Epicurus, and the present writer, taking the train as far as Bowdon, where we commence our pilgrimage. The spring, long delayed, has come with a hot burst, and the sun glares with summer heat upon the villas and gardens clustered upon Bowdon Downs. Selecting a field path in preference to the highway, we turn down by the church into the meadows that stretch towards Rostherne. Pleasant enough at this time, and indeed at all times, is the outlook from this point; a landscape such as Linnell would have loved to paint, richly varied in woodland, park, and meadow, with a clear blue spring sky overhead, and about the tree tops and lower ground a vague green mist, delicately touched with purple in the more shadowy places; over all this beauty of form and colour a warm south wind blowing, that brought the swallows with it. Leaving the last villa and garden enclosure behind, we dip down into grassy hollows, and cross the Bollin by a foot-bridge. Now and then we pass a plantation of firs still dark with the green of winter, and solemn in their depth of shade. Regaining the upland, we get sight of the woods towards Ashley on the left, and those towards Dunham on the right. Then, leaving the field path for a lane, we presently come within sight of the grey tower of Rostherne Church, and below it, shining like dark blue steel, the lake of the Holy Cross. The shore, seen from here, shows a pebbly margin fringed with a line of firs, that form the foreground of a well wooded height overlooking the mere.

Learning in the quiet little village that perhaps we may be allowed to get through Tatton Park, we made our way to the lodge, and were courteously admitted by a neat old dame of the true Cheshire type. The walk winds over undulating park land, finely timbered. Gnarled old oaks, showing yet no leaf,

> Lay their dark arms about the field;

while, underneath, the deer are feeding in hundreds, and lift their antlered heads to watch us pass. We are on high ground here, and can see over a great expanse of country, with Alderley Edge in the distance. Round by the hall we go; glance for a moment on its classic stone front with heavy corinthian porch; then down by a mere that fills a large hollow, about which the dead leaves of the past year have been blown. Clusters of trees or sunny knolls cast the reflected shadows of their interleaved branches on the soft grass carpet below. Passing all these we come to the outer lodge, and emerge into the long narrow street which forms the main thoroughfare of Knutsford. Among the houses, quaint and many gabled, we note the swinging sign of the Angel, and here we stop for refreshment and rest. Epicurus, who loves to take his ease at his inn, would fain tarry here, but as the day is wearing on we set out again, turning sharp to the right and crossing the breezy common which forms the race and recreation ground for the Knutsfordians. The gorse, which grows profusely here, is breaking out into tips of gold flame, and merry parties of pleasure-seekers are scattered about. This passed we are again in the high road, and skirting the wall of Tabley Park. For a mile or so we have this on our left, seeing little of the enclosure within until a sunk fence is substituted for the wall, and we get views of pleasant glades, and a glimpse of the new hall, with its outbuildings and stables. The old hall and chapel, ivy-covered and time-stained, are hid from view by a thick growth of wood. This was the birthplace and residence of Sir Peter Leycester, the historian of the Bucklow Hundred, and here for centuries have worshipped the retainers of the house of Tabley. Beyond this the road passes between thick plantations that form little glades and dells starred over with primroses and wood anemones. Here, trailing slowly along, come two caravans with smoking chimneys, attended by vagabond folk that look like dark browed Zingari, and who hail from somewhere in Gloucestershire. Past more cottages and homesteads, quaintly gabled with thatched roofs and adornments of the magpie kind we go, until a halt is called. "Let us sit us down upon the ground and tell strange stories of the death of kings," says one. Accordingly we lie down on the broad grass margin of the road, and light our pipes. Epicurus takes from his pocket a volume containing certain ballads of Hans Breittmann, and reads aloud, until between the soothing influence of the tobacco, and the sound of his reading, Diogenes is well nigh fast asleep.

Starting off again, we pass through Lostock Gralam and soon come within sight of the river Weaver and the smoking chimneys of Northwich. We enter the town through uninviting rows of dingy brick cottages and outworks of various kinds. The salt mines below have worked something like the effects of an earthquake on the ground above, and the first indication of this we meet with is a dismal Temperance Hotel leaning backwards in a most drunken and disorderly fashion. As we proceed the evidences of disarrangement increase. Shops and houses have sunk below the level of the thoroughfare, and have to be entered down flights of steps. Nature here seems to abhor anything like a perpendicular or straight line. Ludicrously consistent with this state of things, we notice the sign of a building society held in a tenement that hangs threateningly over the street. Gaping cracks in walls, broken glass in windows, houses and shops held together by iron ties, seem to offer small inducement to building operations, and indeed there are few evidences of anything of the kind going on. Passing over the bridge which spans the river where lazy barges lie anchored by dismal wharves, we come on the Chester side, upon an ancient house that has suffered severely from this depression of the soil. Behind it is a garden consisting of five terraces or platforms, one above the other. From the fact that some cannon balls have been found here, it is supposed that these were earthworks and a point of attack in the disturbances of the civil war, when Sir Wm. Brereton held the town, somewhere about 1642–3. Tired of exploring we seek our inn, and on our way thither Epicurus tells a queer story concerning a certain couple who dwelt in the town, but whose relations to each other were not of the most amiable kind. One day, after a quarrel, the husband fell asleep, leaving his wife seated before him. When he awoke he found himself on the edge of a chasm, into which, apparently, had disappeared wife, chair, piano, and other furniture of that part of the room. Nothing doubting but that his wife had vanished, he rushed out to inform the neighbours of the fact. In the meantime his wife, who had left the house when he fell asleep, came in, and, seeing the hole in the floor, and her husband missing, concluded that he had disappeared in its depths. She also going out again to raise an alarm, met her husband returning with the neighbours. The astonishment of both was, of course, intense, "and," adds Epicurus, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "there is good reason to believe that they were both disappointed."

Reaching our inn, yclept the Crown and Anchor, we take a substantial meal in a room the walls of which displayed great cracks, and a sloping floor, but which we find cosy enough in spite of these drawbacks. On our way we turn aside for awhile to examine the old church of Wilton, which stands, with its embattled roof and tower, on high ground overlooking the town. The church, which is dedicated to St. Helen, and is of very ancient origin, the date of its foundation being unknown, is built of red sandstone, and has been many times altered. The prevailing style is Perpendicular. We enter it and examine the interior, which we find is of large dimensions, having a finely carved roof and a chancel in the form of an apse, with three noble stained windows by Wailes of Newcastle. Asking an attendant the possible age of the original structure, he informs us that there is a date carved on one of the beams in armorials of the 12th century, but as armorials were not in use at that date there is evidently some mistake here. The

earliest correct date ascertained seems to be 1560, which is also carved on one of the beams. The old tombstones in the graveyard show the same quaking disposition as the houses of the town, and lean about in a disconsolate fashion. The ground from here slopes down suddenly into a vast basin towards the town, the several depressions of which can be plainly traced. Having lingered sufficient, we make for the railway station, and, taking our places in the train, are quickly whirled, in the fading light, through field and park and town, until we are set down again at the station of Oxford Road.

A LEGAL EPISODE.

OLD Jawkins was a counsel wise,
In law so deeply verst,
He never felt the least surprise
When best folks came off worst.

To call him old would be to err:
He was, in legal view,
A promising young junior
Of only sixty-two.

From east to west did clients run,
Upon him briefs were tost:
For every case he had, he won—
Excepting those he lost.

Tom Teacloth had a little fight
About some merchandise,
Disposed of to a man who quite
Forgot to pay the price.

The moment his attorney saw
That he was in the right,
He knew the chances of the law
Would be against him quite.

So Jawkins was at once retained,
To do the best he could:
The cause, they felt, could not be gained,
It was so very good.

The day of trial soon was due
For which was Jawkins got:
The day was to its promise true;
But Jawkins, he was not.

Instead of Jawkins, came a youth—
The youth was Jawkins' clerk—
Who said that he would tell the truth,
Nor keep them in the dark.

The fact was, Mr. Jawkins had
Another man to sue:
He quite allowed 'twas very sad,
But what was he to do?

"Gone off!" exclaimed the man of trade,
"I paid him well to stay."
"But some-one," said the clerk, "has paid
Him more to go away."

The trader hinted, dim and dark,
Return of brief and fee:
His meaning the short-sighted clerk,
However, failed to see.

He said that Jawkins bid him say,
His friend, young Mr. Bland,
Had offered, in the kindest way,
To take the case in hand.

He pointed to a beardless boy,
Perusing Jawkins' brief;
And seem'd to think that frantic joy
Would take the place of grief.

But, strange to say, the sudden sight
Of that forensic boy
Did not inspire the deep delight
Of bliss without alloy.

The wig upon his youthful head
Was very white in hue;
His cheeks kept going very red,
And then extremely blue.

His teeth were in a chattering state,
His hands could hardly write,
His legs could scarcely hold him straight—
So fearful was his fright.

The case came on: he quite forgot
The points he should have urged:
His rival, having made a lot,
The plaintiff's conduct scourged.

The angry judge dismissed the case;
He set it so at naught,
He said that it was a disgrace
Such actions should be brought.

He told the rogue, on whom in vain
The client made his claim,
He left the court without a stain
Upon his honest name.

[STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.]

CHARLEY GREEN'S PAPA.

I WORK in the great Cotton Mill. Be careful and emphasize the definite article, because I do not allude to *a* cotton mill. I am not "a card-room hand," or "a self-acting minder," or any compound substantive of that sort. By *the* cotton mill I mean the weary squirrel grind of that wiry and rotatory cage for the benefit of which Wright wrote his circulars, and on behalf of which the sales are said to "foot up"—an expression which is shure to provoke the eager malediction of all lovers of English, and haters of that which Mr. Disraeli has somewhere called "the American language."

When my business for the day, as a cotton squirrel, is over, when I have worked at the bars vigorously all day, and always arrived at the same goal, I turn my weary steps towards home, just baiting for half an hour at the Brazenose, to have a talk with any casual Crichton or Bayard who may be about, or engaged in the worship of pure Intellect, the committee being particular about having it pure and good, and always drawing it with a head on.

Once at home the cotton demon is exorcized, the din of the market is for money, and a martial drum, slung round the neck of an urchin of seven years of age, beats a dull thump of welcome to the returning troubadour, honourably heralded to society by the drummer in the possessive capacity of "my Papa." I proffer a liberal furlough to the drummer in case he should wish to join the girl he left behind him, which furlough he does not appear desirous of accepting. I then command the drummer to take a short furlough, when he goes reluctantly into the lobby and gives his instrument a severe hiding all on one spot of its skin, and not impartially. After which he rejoins his parents with an immoveable countenance, as if he were another boy. It is then—when asking for the news of the day, and desiring general information from my youngster—that I am always confronted with "Charley Green's Papa." Charley had been himself a long time the leading theme of the drummer. Charley I could understand, because I had seen him—had had the honour of making him ill with festive macaroons, and of paying for the repair of a real dog which had been lamed by the two school-fellows. But Charley's papa I did not know at all, and still he had become as much a visitor conversationally at my tea-table as if he had been somebody's mother—whose it is not necessary for me to specify. His approach to this social dignity had been stealthy, and he was firmly seated before I knew—as the saying is—where I was.

My earliest recollection of Charley Green's Papa, whom I have never seen in the flesh, was embodied in the remark of my son and heir, that

"Charley's papa had whiskers." The narrator looked at me as much as to say—I have thrown out the remark; make what you can of it. I did not feel that we were in a very fertile conversational territory, but anything after cotton! So I replied—"Any warts?" The witness took a bite at his toast and a look in his teacup, as if the visage of Charley's papa were there and he were referring, and said, "No; but Mr. Lomax pulled one of his teeth out the other day." Which operation, I suppose, was considered to compensate any gentleman for deficiency in the matter of warts. I felt I was gradually worming myself into the physical secrets of Charley Green's Papa without intending it; but, as young Plutarch was on the rampage, I waited for the next development of his easel. Having kicked the table leg three times with one foot, and then kicked the answers out with the other foot, as if he were a spirit-rapper, Plutarch continued, "Charley Green's Papa is a Catholic." "Walter," interjected my wife, who is rather lowish church, to the boy—"for goodness' sake mind what you are saying;" as who should sing out—do not betray the man if he be a Guy Fawx. I promptly arrested a possible feminine shaloo about the Reformation, by asking Mrs. Emmerson just to lap a little cream out of a saucer. The transfer of the issue from physical to spiritual a little disconcerted me, but I knew Master Walter would run himself clear, like a barrel of ale, if he were let alone. So I just eased the barrel a little on the stillage, and said—"Well; what if he is?" I could see that I was expected to be struck in a heap by the papistical announcement, and that a boy conference at Dr. Birch's had been held upon the subject matter of discussion. "Pa," continued the youngster, "are you a Catholic?" (said with a tone as if he should deeply regret it were the reply in the affirmative.) The cream had not worn Mrs. Emmerson's polemics into quite as lubricated a surface as I could have wished, for she dashed into the stream of talk like a natant hen. "Walter, how can you ask such a question?" The brutal instincts of a husband suggested to me the expediency of using a muffin for the maternal windpipe, but I took a double section of that timbered esculent myself, and crammed it into my own mouth, just to gain time before I rejoined, "I am not aware, my boy, that I am a Catholic; but if I were, what then?"

All this went on very slowly, please remember—the supping of tea and munching of toast filling up the interstices, with noise of tea spoons and pleasant clack of crockery meanwhile, giving time for Walter to gather his argumentative resources together—which, having done, he replied, "Because the Catholics are against the Queen." "Who told you that, my boy?" "Why Phillip Rancliffe, and he says he shall not be friends with Charley for that reason, and that Parliament is going to burn down all the nunneries." "And quite right, too," said my wife, who had got about as far from a nunnery herself as any respectable woman could do, and who spoke with as much vehemence as if, in the event of Mr. Newdegate wanting a second wife, she would herself volunteer for that parliamentary status.

At this point of the controversy I drew my chair to the table, something after the manner of Canute in his memorable interview with the Ocean, when he is reported to have said, "Hitherto shalt thou go and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;" but I grieve to have to say that the splash of the advancing billows placed me very much in the same position as they did the oratorical king. How could I go into the question at all? How could I justify the supposed unhappy position of Charley Green's papa? Here, in this enlightened country, in an expensive and self-laudatory "academy for young gentlemen," the course of history, of social feeling, of inexpressible youthful sentiment was all setting against this extraordinary Mr. Green. The juvenile clay was getting stamped early and the stamp was being left to dry. The Dominie, had he been willing, which probably he was not, would have done as much harm by discussing the matter as he did by leaving it alone. Perhaps *mutatis mutandis* it would be the same with a little Lutheran in a Spanish school. One feels so helpless with children in these things. It is all very well to say—wait until they are a little older; but then, when they are a little older, the lineaments of the accursed impression are burnt in as with aquafortis. We see this every day; we feel it in our discussions; we have it before us in the debates of what is termed the first assemblage of gentlemen in Europe. The gentlest, holiest, earliest sentiments breathed from mothers' lips too frequently perpetuate it. It slumbers and yet grows during the unsettled period of youth, and blazes forth in man's estate with the most odious flames of intolerance. I wonder if, in the womb of the good time coming, the term of this merciless intolerance resides.

[MANCHESTER BANKS.]

9.—THE MANCHESTER AND COUNTY.

WE never look at the semicircular building at the junction of York Street, Spring Gardens, King Street, and part of which is devoted to the use of the Manchester and County Bank, without wishing that it had never been built. When the old buildings were pulled down and the warehouse of Messrs. Ashton and Co. was rebuilt, the Corporation of Manchester missed a fine opportunity for doing away with the awkward rectangular entrance into King Street, which has been an impediment to safe and easy traffic for years. This building, although comparatively new, has been used for a variety of purposes. Originally occupied by a wealthy firm of merchants, it became some ten years since the nucleus for the enrolment of Manchester rifle volunteers, by the officer who held the first commission in that force. At present the Manchester and County Bank occupies the chief portion of the basement and ground floor. The storey above, which, from an exterior point of view, is remarkable, chiefly for the opaqueness and begrimed state of the windows, is tenanted by a house in the woollen trade, while the roof is appropriated by the Postal Telegraph, and is covered with a network of wires, by which messages can be sent to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The Manchester and County Bank, which is one of the youngest in the city, seems, judging from the favour in which its shares are held and its increasing business, to be one of the most prosperous. It is not our province to say which is a good, and which a bad bank. In fact, like most of the British public, we really have very little accurate knowledge of the actual resources and liabilities of such establishments. A bank may be doing a very large business, making enormous profits, at least on paper, and paying prodigious dividends, and yet be as rotten as a piece of old tinder. The Manchester and County Bank, however, appears to be established on a very sound basis. It has a large and influential constituency, consisting of about six hundred shareholders, who are chiefly connected with Manchester and the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. It naturally jumped into a good business at the very outset, as those shareholders who could conveniently do so took their business there. To use a hackneyed expression, the Bank was established to "supply an existing want," we shall not say to "afford increased facilities," as we dislike the expression, owing to its so frequently having been synonymous of late years with supplying penniless rogues with fictitious capital. When it is remembered, however, that there were more banks in existence in Manchester thirty-five years since than there are at the present time, and taking into consideration the immense extension of business which has occurred, while at the same time admitting that under the joint-stock system too many banks were at first established, it must be admitted that at the time of its projection, there was ample room for the Manchester and County.

The Bank was incorporated in 1862. It has a paid-up capital of £600,000, and a reserve fund of £180,000, and at the present time is paying dividends at the rate of eight per cent. per annum. It is governed by ten directors and two managers. The Chairman owns a name familiar to Lancashire, and one which, to paraphrase a popular expression, has an aroma of "brass" about it. Besides the head office in Manchester the bank has eleven branches and four sub-branches, namely, Oldham, Ashton-under-Lyne, Bacup, Blackburn, Bolton, Burnley, Dobcross, Preston, Rawtenstall, Stalybridge, Wigan, Blackpool, Colne, Darwen, and Denton. Some of these formerly composed the Saddleworth Banking Co., but were absorbed by the Manchester and County. Like the District Bank it is largely identified with the manufacturing interests; consequently the severe ordeal to which the cotton trade has been exposed during the last eight years, must, to some extent, have impeded its progress and success. Judging from the recent advance in the Bank's shares, we may conclude that its future prospects are considered satisfactory. Its London agents are the Union Bank of London.

The building in York Street and at the top of King Street is about

as unlike a bank as anything one can well imagine. It is not like some of the new palatial establishments, nor has it anything in common with the old Manchester banks, such as Heywood's old bank, Daintry's, Jones Loyd's original, and others, which, begrimed with the smoke and soot of years, resembled large mausoleums with glass roofs. Externally the Manchester and County is semicircular and convex, while internally it is angular and concave. When the Bank took the premises, they made a new entrance, over which stands a huge carved head of some heathen warrior, wearing a winged helmet. This figure-head is much more prepossessing in appearance than the terrible foaming Cerberus which keeps watch and ward over the portal of the District Bank, further down the street. By way of conveying to the mind of passers-by that number 2 York Street was a bank at all, its name at first was carved in stone on the door-posts, but the letters were so indistinct and illegible that they were soon superseded by two staring brass plates, which are plain enough in all conscience, and he who runs may read. Let it not be thought from these remarks that we are finding fault with the directors for not having built a new bank. There is plenty of time for that, and no doubt when their property accumulates, and more accommodation is required, suitable premises will be found. We presume that there is a board room in the building, where the directors meet periodically, but conclude that it is of limited dimensions, as the late ordinary general meeting of the shareholders was held in the Memorial Hall, Albert Square. So far as our own experience goes, it by no means requires a large apartment to accommodate an annual meeting of bank shareholders. The difficulty is to secure a sufficient number of people to constitute a quorum. This may be looked upon as a good sign, and as implying a feeling of confidence on the part of the proprietors. An ordinary bank meeting, however, is more or less of an anomaly, and precious little information is vouchsafed. It is almost in the nature of things that it should be so. At a railway meeting, recalcitrant shareholders may kick over the traces, and create all manner of noise and disturbance, without interfering much with the traffic of the line; but awkward questions asked at bank meetings, or anything approaching to a rumpus, might have a considerable evaporating effect upon the bank's deposits. Accordingly shareholders are generally satisfied with meagre statements, and take a good deal upon trust. Occasionally, of course, they come to grief in consequence, and are then ready to hang the directors all round. It requires a good deal of moral courage to ask pertinent and disagreeable questions at a bank meeting, even about your own property, and a snubbing is not infrequently the result of the indiscretion, to call it by a mild name. In fact the asking of, and receiving answers to, awkward questions, is akin to that other severe process of having a Turkish bath administered to you in the manager's parlour. These remarks apply to banks in general, and not to the Manchester and County in particular.

By the balance sheet, published on the 31st December last, we learn that it has "lodgments on current and deposit accounts, &c., amounting to £2,227,706. 3s. 10d." This is a large sum, considering the time the bank has been in existence. Of course these deposits are more or less valuable according to their nature, and whether they are likely to be permanent and increasing, or evanescent and with a tendency to take upon themselves wings and fly away. On the other side of the account, are "Bills of Exchange, Loans, Credits, Cash on hand and with Bankers, &c.," amounting to £3,013,642. 11s. 9d. In what relative proportion to each other these several items are made up, of course we know nothing. The gross profit for the half year, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, amounted to £65,116. 1s. 8d., from which had to be deducted £12,217. 7s. 11d. for expenses of management at the head office and the branches. From these abridged statements it will be seen that the Manchester and County Bank is, to all appearances, a very thriving and prosperous concern. Its directors are wealthy, experienced men of business, and active. At its commencement it appointed a gentleman from London to be its manager, and another from a neighbouring bank, with good local knowledge, as sub-manager. As a competitor, its influence may possibly have been felt by some of the other banks, and banking profits may in some cases have been reduced in consequence. The public, however, are not likely to feel aggrieved at this result, and we should think that the natural and general increase of business must do much to alleviate the effects of competition among bankers themselves.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE OWENS COLLEGE SITE.

ALTHOUGH the work of demolition on the plot of land between Burlington Street and Coupland Street on the Oxford Road, to prepare the way for the proposed new Owens College, is already rapidly progressing, it is scarcely yet too late to ask the Extension Committee to reconsider their decision as to the site. The cost of the Burlington Street plot of four acres has been upwards of £30,000. At the time this was decided upon, Mr. J. L. Kennedy strongly urged the purchase for £12,000 of a plot of six acres bounded by Clarence Street and Nelson Street. This was negatived, mainly on account of its not being in Oxford Road, and also on account of its greater distance from town. It now appears that the land right up to Oxford Road might also be purchased, making in all, a plot of about ten acres, having a frontage of 200 yards in Oxford Road. The cost of the whole ten acres would not exceed the cost of the Burlington Street four acres. The more the question is looked into the more indefensible does the present scheme appear. The distance from town objection falls to the ground, for although the Nelson-Clarence Street site is 420 yards further to the south of the city than the other site, it is actually nearer to most of the railway termini at its Clarence Street end. Again, the college requires room for extension and recreation grounds, and above all quiet. The Burlington Street site is surrounded by works and tall chimneys, and admits of no extension, except at enormous cost. The neighbourhood, moreover, is a somewhat noisy one. The site we urge admits of any amount of extension. While in the town, it looks into the country. If, as we understand, the alternative is still open to them, the committee may reasonably be asked to pocket a little pride and so save the college funds £18,000 in hard cash.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, PENNY READINGS, AND PANTOMIME.

Mr. Charles Swallow, of Manchester, and Mr. Jenkins, of Bury, have been lately trying to provide the public with a new translation of one of the charming little fables of our old friend Esop. They have been bawling "wolf" in a kind of ultra-puritanical vernacular to which it would seem they are accustomed. These gentlemen took part in the proceedings of the twenty-third annual conference of Sunday school teachers and representatives usually held about Easter, and delivered themselves on that occasion on the subject of public amusements. Mr. Jenkins, of Bury, was of opinion that "one of the 'greatest curses' that had come to Sunday schools during the past few years, had been those abominable Penny Readings." Would Mr. Jenkins feel in a more tolerant temper towards one of the most innocent and delightful forms of recreation, if the charge for admission were twopence or eighteenpence, or are the Readings themselves "'accursed' and abominable?" Mr. Charles Swallow declared that those who listened to him "would go down on their knees and pray for a state of things which they were unable to accomplish, if he could tell them of the hundreds and thousands of Sunday scholars in Lancashire who went to see the pantomime last Christmas!" When there is so much *real* wrong and genuine sin in the world to remove and redress, it is surely possible for Mr. Swallow to expend his foolish and hysterical energies upon something else than sixpennyworth of harmless merrymaking with clown and pantaloon. In inventing artificial offences foolish persons, like Messrs. Jenkins and Swallow, are pretty sure to create real ones. What are we to think of the administration of the Sunday school system when this kind of sanctimonious cursing and swearing is indulged in by its representatives? We should like to think there are not many members of the conference who would care to go down on their knees for so puerile a reason. We have heard before that one swallow doesn't make a summer, and we charitably hope that one Swallow doesn't make a Sunday school conference.

MR. M. P. FOSTER AT THE ALEXANDRA HALL.

True humour is so rare that one is glad to meet with it under any mask. There is such a rage for wit at the present day, for mere cold polished steely flashes, that comedy in its feuilletons is like a lump of sparkling lead ore, and, on the stage, when it attempts to be itself, is a

mere succession of ice-gleams. Humour of the old sort, whether quiet or boisterous, hearty and genial, or racy and uproarious, has gone to the wall, or gets out of joint in burlesque, like Compton in *The Frightful Hair*. Still Humour must tell. Let Edwin Waugh—who is a great humourist or he is nothing—"get agate on" you, and turn the sunny side of his nature out: you are bound to laugh, and nothing will save you. One of the merriest sides of humour is travestie and caricature; the more outrageous it is the better. Such is the taste of Mr. M. P. Foster's quality. It takes a good deal to make a music hall audience—which, to tell truth, is *blasé* of the usual routine of comic singing—laugh naturally and heartily, but he has triumphantly succeeded. He acts, sings, and talks caricatures; not in the stiff, deadly-lively manner of entertainers who are generally well dressed lay-figures, but racily, and with an evident relish, as if he enjoyed it himself. His fun consists in taking you by storm with the most unexpectedly outrageous whimsicalities. Italian tenors (at £50 a night), grandmothers of the days when they wore no crinoline, a long time ago, the clever child of six who sings at parties, the amateur "bass" and "comic," the parliamentary candidate, and a host of more or less conventional characters are in his hands, by incidental flourishes and flashes, made vividly funny. But it is when he is original that he is happiest. With the drop-scene—which looks as if it had had a few drops too much, and was intended for something Turneresque and Italian—for picture, and a witch's ragged staff out of the ballet for pointer, he burlesques a Diorama of Switzerland and its lecturer with a trick of the countenance, a knack of voice, a fertility of comicality, and an aptitude for collocation of sublimity and absurdity that were irresistible. These are but a few of the subjects on which he lavishes streams of fun and humour, such, at least, as move and compel instantaneous laughter. If an occasional "Sheridan" is reproduced in the rush of jokes, we can at least overlook it in Mr. Foster as easily as we can the resetting, by the most original living dramatist, of the old "Goldsmith," about "Nature putting all her goods in the shop window."

LOCAL CRICKET IN 1870.

The cricketing engagements of the Lancashire County and Manchester Cricket Clubs have just been published. It cannot be said that the county matches are either unusually varied or overpoweringly important. In fact, though there are eight matches so called, only half that number are properly county contests. The rest are between the gentlemen of Lancashire and other counties, games interesting enough in themselves, but wanting one very important element—the help of professional cricketers. The games with Surrey and Hampshire are the only *bonâ fide* county engagements. The home match with Surrey is down for the end of May. This contest is always interesting and popular, and needs no recommendation, though everyone interested in cricket knows that it no longer, as of old, requires any reckless boldness to meet the Surrey eleven. The contest with Hampshire seems to have little beyond its novelty to recommend it. There may be sufficiently good reasons why no other Southern counties have been engaged, but it is impossible not to feel sorry that such should exist. The matches against Sussex last year were close enough to make any future contests a source of pleasant speculation, and those against Middlesex which have been dropped for a year or two were also exceedingly interesting. There are no contests (in which professionals are included) with Northern counties. It may perhaps be supposed that the Lancashire County Club has only exercised a wise discretion in avoiding such gigantic powers in the world of cricket as Nottingham and Yorkshire. The amateur county matches are with Yorkshire and Warwickshire, by the latter of whom, it will be remembered, Lancashire was twice well beaten last year. The engagements of the Manchester Club are numerous enough, including something like forty separate matches, or an average of two per week. Of these a considerable per centage are two day matches, and an increasing number are described as "M. C. C. and ground" against some other club and ground, a phrase meaning something a good deal different from such as are played by "M. C. C. (an eleven.)" An engagement suggestive of a combination of other pleasures with the delights of cricket is involved in the item, "September 12th to 17th—North of Ireland week."

Professor William Jack, of Owens College, has been appointed editor of the *Glasgow Herald*.

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

MR. DISRAELI.

"'MANKIND then,' said Vivian Grey, 'is my great game. At this moment how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two people can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth baulks my fancy, pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old chateau? Now let me probe myself. Does my cheek blench? I have the mind for the conception, and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make others believe those conceptions; there wants but one thing more—courage, pure, perfect courage; and does Vivian Grey know fear?' He laughed an answer of the bitterest derision."

This extract from *Vivian Grey* will show why Mr. Disraeli has been at once feared, distrusted, and hated. When he was prime-minister two literary gentlemen, both partially disagreeing with his politics, desired, for the honour of their class, to give him a dinner, whereat authors of all shades of opinion should join to celebrate the accession to the highest post of this Royal Republic—for England is by far more truly republicanin its fairness and openness of career than America—of an author who had written some brilliant novels, who had said some of the best epigrams in political life, who had written leaders for the *Times*, conducted the *Representative*, and who at least was never ashamed of his craft. The answers, let us say so far, revealed respect for the motives of the senders, but bitter animosity to Disraeli. People seemed to be unable, if in common fairness only, to separate the man from the minister, and noble authors, politically of his own way of thinking, wrote four sides of note-paper in which they bespattered the very clever politician and author with caustic abuse. The dinner was obliged to be renounced, but a certain number of scholars and gentlemen succeeded in getting him on the committee of a literary dinner, in taking the chair of which Vivian Grey made a most clever and charming speech, and worked his way with undaunted courage, with singular *bonhommie* and unflagging pluck.

Vivian Grey!—there, we have written the name again. It is because he has written a book, aye, and ten books, all clever, wild, and nonsensical too, that people cannot forgive him; and the reason they cannot do so is because these books have an air of insincerity. The ordinary Britisher has the feeling of Herr Philister about him, so far as this, he cannot separate mental from moral character. Those who best know Mr. Disraeli, let us say his wife, Lady Beaconsfield, and his late brother, James Disraeli, loved him, and love him, with a devotion which does honour to both. The man *is* a hero to his valet-de-chambre, but as he has never concealed his hatred of shallowness, his knowledge of the pretence of great courts, his belief, a thousand times proved to be well founded, that "a good cry" will move the English people very much better than a noble cause, people hate him. He has let the world know how clever he is, and the world has discounted his sincerity. He has touched the right nail on the head very often, and people have cried—What a happy *guess!* He has done that dangerous thing about which Lord John's misquotation from Job—"Oh that mine enemy had written a book!"—has passed into a proverb, and people have judged him very severely by those very books. He has never had fair play. He has been looked on by his party as a clever mercenary, a sort of political Bashi-bazouk, useful for skirmishing and for getting killed. He has been treated as the later Roman Emperors used their Saxon and

barbarian body-guard, as capital defenders, fighters, flesh for Dacian swords or Persian arrows, but *not* as of the old Roman stuff. He has been at least as true to England and to his party as Lord John, who often plays the worst of all tricks to England and to Protestantism ("Johnny's upset the coach again," said the late Lord Derby), but people believed in that bumptious little statesman, and *not* in Disraeli. He has had a marvellous amount of *un*luck, but he never deserted his leader after once settling down, and was never ashamed of his race or people. But in spite of all difficulties, and an unjust and superabundant hatred, he has been Prime Minister, *is* leader of the oldest party in Europe, will be honestly and sincerely mourned when he dies—and be buried in Westminster Abbey.

After this exordium the reader may perhaps be surprised to find that we do not admire his novels, believe that they are wonderfully overrated, that they will not live twenty years after his death, and that if Messrs. Longmans give £10,000 for his *Lothair* (we believe, with the *Publishers' Circular*, that they may give five thousand) they only *mis*-calculate on the curiosity of novel-readers and the elasticity of Mr. Mudie's subscription. The rumour is, however, an advertisement—and Mr. Disraeli is *not* properly a novelist, nor a man of letters *pur sang*, any more than a fire-work maker is an artilleryman. He is actually a free lance in politics, using literature as a sword, revolver, culverin, bow and arrow, or any offensive weapon a free lance would carry. Cleverly he has used it; but it is because his service to Letters—great Goddess! who art so jealous that no half-worshipper gains thy full smile—is insincere that his readers have formed the idea that he is not sincere. *Le style c'est l'homme!* That truth, too, has betrayed him; a silly, affected, tinselly style, a "damme how clever" method of writing, fine but without eloquence, distressful but without pathos, glittering but without humour or fun—a shaft that strikes but does not remain—this, too, has ruined him, or at least carried away from him the glory which his young ambition desired.

You can see him near Grosvenor Gate walking in the sunshine, an old man who looks older than he is, bent down, with his hands behind his back, thoughtful, sallow, his face lined with care. You can see him, too, after a triumph in the House, youthful almost, very good natured, genial and wise looking, with a tender face and a statesman-like look, a worthy chief to follow, something of the *old* young Disraeli who used to be found, in black velvet breeches, by the way, at the Countess of Blessington's assemblies, side by side with the present Emperor of the French. Or you can see him walking briskly along, talking to a man whom he wishes to convince, eager, active, and well-looking; one who has gathered from those with whom he lived an air of *haut ton* which his brothers never had, and which old Isaac Disraeli never had either, although he had an universal mind in its way, literary, but petty literary; the mind not of the poet nor of the noble prose-man, but of the book collector and *dilettanté*. Would, by the way, that we had more such book-men now.

Isaac Disraeli, son of a Dutch refugee, a waif and stray of Popish persecution, came over here when the Goldsmids and the Rothschilds and half the Jewish diamond dealers and millionaires were in the womb of time—possible in the English constitution, probable after a long fight and a growing love of money and peace, but not existent. Goldsmid, Rothschild and Co. took to making money; old Disraeli to making books, and you see the result—the *Curiosities of Literature*, a capital book, and Disraeli, the Right Hon. Benjamin, born in Bloomsbury Square, London, on the 31st of December, 1805.

Disraeli the younger was intended for the law, and was articled in a solicitor's office, but does not appear to have served out his time. At the age of twenty he published *Vivian Grey;* from 1829 to 1831 he was travelling in the East; in 1837 he entered parliament as member for Maidstone, and was returned for the county of Buckingham in 1847. He became leader of the Conservative party after Lord George Bentinck's death; was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's three successive administrations, and on the noble earl's retirement, in 1868, he was appointed prime minister, which post he held until the accession to office of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli's works have been *Vivian Grey, Coningsby, Sybil, Tancred, Alarcos,* a tragedy, *Contarini Fleming, Henrietta Temple, Ixion in Heaven, Letters of Runnymede,* published by Macrone in 1836, *Venetia, The Young Duke,* a political biography of Lord George Bentinck, and a *Vindication of the English Constitution. Vivian Grey* was published in 1827, in four volumes, for twenty shillings; perhaps old Colburn did not pay anything for it, for the deceased publisher—we will call him by no harsher name—had *that* way with him. In 1828 the same publisher produced the voyage of *Captain Popanilla,* of which no one hears anything. Disraeli's works are published by Warne for ten shillings in ten volumes; they are to be found in the libraries of country gentlemen, and they are said to contain very brilliant things. The character of Croker is admirably hit off—but, if Disraeli's words are true, what a snobby, heartless, braggart, cocky, selfish, puffed up, meretricious, vain, and at heart rotten and ignorant crew have we escaped from.

We prefer to think them *not* true. Their brilliance tires; their knowledge puffeth up, but doth not "edify," or, in English—for our Bible there follows the Latin too much—their knowledge puffeth up, but the higher knowledge of the true writer buildeth up. That is an edification which is beyond Disraeli. "But then," says the reader, "the publishers have given £10,000 for his new novel, and do you dare to pronounce them not of the first class?" Dear reader, listen and perpend. The publisher would give a great sum for a novel by Lady Mordaunt, if it was the greatest bosh in the world, because of the notoriety of her name: people would rush to read it. What is good the publisher as a rule does not know; what will *sell* he does know. "One day," said a lady of rank to the author, "I was desperately in want of some money, and I mentioned my want It was to relieve some poor relation of Lady C. B., a woman of title who wrote, and who had written herself out. She jumped for joy. That's just what I want; C. or B., the publisher, has been haggling with me about my last novel; I want three hundred; they offer me two, because I have written too fast. Why, said I, you gave me seven hundred for my first. 'Yes, my lady,' said the Tonson of the day, 'your name was fresh then; if you will get us a fresh name with a title, we will give you seven hundred again.'" And they *did*, too. Lady C. B.'s novel was published as by the Countess ———, *edited* by the real authoress, and the publisher netted a considerable sum from the extra attraction. The story is quite true; we could mention the book. It will show you why so large a sum is to be given for *Lothair.*

As a man of Letters, then, Disraeli ranks but as a mediocrity; we admire his pluck, but we cannot read his novels.

CRICKET RULES.—The rules of a club of youthful cricketers, who pitch their tent and wickets somewhere on the Bowdon line, contain the following amusing clauses:—That a fine of 2d. be paid to the treasurer by any member for swearing; also 1d. for using indecent language. That any member who disobeys the captain's order is liable to a fine of 3l. That a fielder is not allowed to hold anything in his hand while fielding. That any member not paying his fines, after a week's notice, is liable to be blackballed.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

PORK.

IT would perhaps be presuming too much ignorance in the reader to think that he had never read Charles Lamb's Dissertation on Roast Pig. Surely he must have done. The first, or what we may call the pseudo-historical, part reminds one at the same time of Macaulay (his History) and the *Daily Telegraph*. But the second part! Was ever prose idyll as delicious? Tennyson nor Leigh Hunt were never so delicate and tender; no *dulce carmen* of Horace ever so refined, or Tuscan canzone so perfumed and sweet. Elia is, however, a little too absolute—too arbitrary at all events. His admiration is limited. He hath not wide affections. The shrine at which he worships contains only one idol. "I speak not," he says, "of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty, with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent not yet manifest; his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble, the mild forerunner or *præludium* of a grunt;" this, he says, is "of all delicacies the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*."

Now we will accept all he says of it except its exclusive excellence, its absolute peerlessness, its superlativity, for in the matter of Pork our sympathies are broad. Not all those whom the gods love die young. We are prepared to take the animal at all growths from youth to age, "the whole hog," in short. Whether considered in his humility or glory, whether as the despised *cochon*, or the companionable "gintleman that pays the rint," or known by more names than are dreamed of by Max Müller or the "Bibliocob Japhile," he enters largely after his apotheosis into the dietary of mankind throughout the world. The uncounted millions of China and the far East eat, besides ducks and fish, little else with their rice; and the thankless Mahometan and Hindoo, who reject him, only encourage a plentiful supply of tigers (the old-fashioned spelling, tygers, looks fiercer) who joyfully keep his prolificness within bounds. Moreover, what would India be without "pig-sticking"? With Uncle Sam it is the standing dish. In Southern Europe it is almost the only relish to the cereals on which they mainly subsist. Of the German it is almost impossible to conceive even in the abstract without the national sausage; and in this country who does not, as Mrs. Glasse says, *love* him? Even in this county of Lancaster, the playful allegory of Mr. Alderman Murray and the watch-fires of the black-pudding merchant in the Snig-bruck market place, equally show that we like not only this part of him or the other, but everything that is his.

As we have to deal, however, with pork as he lies in the butcher's stall or on the dresser, we shall say nothing about the live animal either as to his breed or his board and lodging. To begin with his head: we recommend you to make your own brawn. It is comparatively little trouble, as the various receipts will show. You may get it nice for once in a way at a pork shop, and it will be—well, not nice, the next two or three times, at the same shop even. At the larger shops where the resources are greater, it is made almost wholesale, and, as the immediate sale cannot be depended upon, it is made too salt so as to bear keeping, in case the public, which is a whimsical animal, should suddenly take it into its head to eat anything but brawn for a week or two. At the smaller shops, where the material is comparatively limited, other parts are added to the head very often, which one would not perhaps of one's own liking insist upon having in it. Then, at one place, you may probably have it without either salt or other flavouring of any kind, and the coarse yellow of the outside shows you that fermentation has begun. At another place, it has pepper, white and red, and sage and *fines herbes* mixed with it. Now if you make it at home it is little more than half the price; you can season it or not to your own liking; can make just the quantity you can readily consume, and when that is finished begin again if you like, literally *da capo!* But brawn is not exactly a dinner dish. It may be eaten at breakfast, but is best at supper, with an *al fresco* sauce of mustard and good brown malt vinegar. We have no fancy for the reduced acetic acid which goes by the name of white wine vinegar.

Of the joints, the loin, chine, or griskin is our favourite. The spare-rib has certainly great merits, but has one natural defect. It can't be stuffed. At least not to any appreciable extent. Now it may, perhaps, finally stamp our character for vulgarity, but we confess that we like pork to be stuffed, and with sage and onions. But this must be done carefully. The onions should be neither young and small salad onions, nor the large foreign ones, Spanish or other, but of home growth. They should be thickly peeled, and boiled till tender, or partly boiled and taken out and again boiled in fresh water, so as to get them of the mildest flavour. The stuffing should be put in at the best end of the piece, and not in great quantity, merely sufficient to bring out the flavour of the meat. Of course the meat should have been thickly sprinkled with fine salt for one or two days before, but not for longer. The best way of onionizing the spare-rib is to boil the onions as if for stuffing, and serve them in a sauce tureen with some of the gravy made for the dish, and the spare-rib should, while roasting, be sprinkled with dried sage. An excellent gravy can be made with roast pork, for which the directions are given in an earlier chapter of this series.

We never could get up any particular enthusiasm about a leg of pork. The boiled leg of pork and pease-pudding of our ancestors is now an anachronism, and the roasted leg, usually boned and stuffed, is by no means a sufficiently economical dish for our small table. Young pork with the fat and skin is agreeable sometimes for a change, but it is generally too fat, and is decidedly deficient in flavour compared with larger meat. The neck and shoulder of young pork may be pickled for a week and boiled. It thus forms an excellent accompaniment to boiled or roast fowls and veal, whether roast or boiled, in lieu of the ordinary ham or bacon. Or it may be eaten alone with plenty of greens. This is the part much affected by the admirers of sauer-kraut, among whom we do not number ourselves. We have frequently, when dining at, say the Polyolbion Restaurant, seen them eaten together by the young Teutons, in name at least, if not by race, who oft assemble at one particular table and devour it with much gabblement and champing of teeth. And if that isn't to be had there's probably veal and bacon, or chicken and ham, or turkey and sausages at the least to satisfy our friends Messrs. This-thal or That-stein or The-other-berg, who walk into them to an extent that would make Sam Slick cry, very inappropriately of course, Jee—rusalem!

As to the more well-known and commonly-used bacon and ham, we have little to say as regards the curing of them, for they are, as a rule, only worth that trouble when they are from pigs of one's own feeding. They will cost, when grown under the most favourable circumstances near town, from 6¾d. to 7½d. per pound, and then you have to take the risk of a successful curing; and they may be bought, not, perhaps, in a Market Street or Oxford Road shop, at 8½d. to 9d. Of these in the rasher we have spoken in our breakfast article. Bacon is seldom brought to table in any other way, except one meets with a goodly piece boiled as an assistant to boiled fowls or a calf's head, and with the latter a dried pig's cheek or Bath-chap, a very inferior article, is often served.

One generally has, once in the summer, which is enough for most, a dish of beans and bacon, the latter supplying just those necessary elements of a nutritious diet that is wanting in the beans. We have occasionally met with the dish at an ordinary or semi-public table d'hôte, and it is highly praised; but we have generally noticed that, at a well-regulated ordinary, mind you, there is a goodly dish of boiled fowls somewhere on the table. Somehow or other, perhaps just to give the fowls a chance, everybody is sure to ask for a little chicken, just to see how it would go with the bacon! And then they go away and boast for a day or two how they can always make an excellent dinner on beans and bacon! To our mind there is a better dish than that, of a cognate kind, too. Boil a good-sized piece of ham and send it to table hot, with plenty of green peas, and if you have a healthy conscience you will want little more than a gooseberry tart—tart, observe, not a gooseberry sweet or a fool, but with plenty of the natural acid, that great digestory assistant, and a morsel of old cream-cheese with it. Another very plain and economical dish, when green things are not abundant, is to fry slices of bacon or fat ham in the frying-pan, when sufficiently cooked, take them out and place them in a dish before the fire, and place in the pan a quantity of boiled potatoes cut small. Keep on chopping them smaller, and turning them over until they are as small as peas, and well browned, then turn them out into a flat dish, and put the sliced bacon or ham on the top. This should be served as hot as

possible, and should be eaten with pickled cabbage or green pickle of any kind.

Of the inside of the pig, as far as we know it, we have no particular fancy. We once had a piece of a raised pie composed of pig's kidney and beef steak, but were not sufficiently enchanted with it as to ask, like Oliver, "for more." "Pork pies," Mr. Weller observed, "are very nice when you know the young woman who made 'em, and can depend on their being genuine"—and that's the whole theory.

We may conclude with a direction for a very economical dinner or good supper. Take a pig's "shank," which you can get at a good pork shop half pickled and boiled for 9d. or 10d. Boil it, or rather put it into boiling water, for about a quarter of an hour, and serve it with plenty of greens dressed as previously directed and plain boiled potatoes, and you will have an excellent and tasty dinner at a small expense.

NOTES ON 'CHANGE.

INDIA AND OUR COTTON GOODS.

THE Marquis of Salisbury, on the occasion of his last visit to Manchester, administered a just rebuke to our public men for the comparative apathy they have shown in matters concerning the well-being of our two hundred million subjects in India. The Manchester view of India appears to have been limited to the growing of cotton and the export of goods. "Let us have plenty of cheap cotton," says the commercial philosopher, "and then we will send you plenty of cheap goods;" and the too plausible deduction has followed, "if we send *cheap* goods we are sure to make a profit." Though experience has often given the lie to this argument, experience does not teach everyone, and it certainly does not convince the Manchester trader. We have to thank Mr. J. C. Ollerenshaw for proving the fallacy of the assertion referred to. In a paper entitled "Our export trade in cotton goods to India," read before the members of the Manchester Statistical Society at their last meeting, he brought together a series of facts and figures which, though not previously unknown in their separate forms, were on this occasion endued with a force and power that are the special attributes of sound statistical reasoning.

We are told, in the first place, that the entire population of India does not take annually more than four and a half yards, or about one and sixpence worth per head, of our cotton manufactures; and, though an exclusively cotton-wearing people, they are, it appears, too poor to spend more than four shillings per annum for each person in clothing. Notwithstanding the fact that our exports to India form an enormous portion of our total exports, Mr. Ollerenshaw gives figures to prove that during the last eleven years we have only supplied clothing for twenty-four to thirty per cent. of the population of the country; and, after reviewing the wages and buying power of the Hindoo, tells us "the price of food is the chief consideration. Raiment he can disregard, and luxuries can easily dispense with; but grain he must have, or perish from famine. In proportion as grain is cheap and plentiful, or scarce and dear, in India, will our trade in Lancashire be flourishing or depressed." We are then shown that the American war had no share whatever in bringing about the depression which has so long characterized our India trade. "Had the Southern States," says our author, "continued to grow, as it is probable they would, 4,000,000 bales of cotton a year, or more, the drought, bad harvests, floods, and famines of the period from 1861 to 1866 would have effectually prohibited a prosperous trade in India, just as has been the case in 1869; and we might have seen the anomaly of a cheap and abundant cotton supply with a ruinous trade." In comparing the Southern States of America with India as a cotton-growing country, the great advantages of the former are made manifest by citation of its magnificent system of river navigation and a ready supply of grain from the North, enabling the South to devote an immense proportion of its acreage to the cultivation of cotton. "In fact," concludes the author, "it is necessary that a cotton plantation should have a grain farm within easy reach." After describing the disastrous results which have from time to time desolated certain districts of India, the writer shows how those horrors are intensified by isolation, and the consequent impossibility of bringing relief from a land of plenty, often so near at hand, and yet so hopelessly cut off through the absence of any efficient means of transit.

The summary of desiderata for the advancement of our commerce and the general good of our Indian fellow-subjects is thus given:—"Easy and quick methods of intercourse and distribution; the emancipation of the peasant from the usury of the money lender; provision on loan for improved implements of cultivation, &c.; the collection in tanks in every hilly district of the rains and streams, canals, and watercourses." In short, our efforts should be in two directions—one to prevent scarcity, the other to mitigate its effects. It is impossible within the limits of so short a notice to do even scant justice to the large amount of information contained in this excellent paper; but we hope that our remarks will at least have served to indicate its great value, and for the rest we recommend our readers to get the paper and study it for themselves.

Now, there are few true stories that do not possess, in some degree, a useful application, and this tale about India is no exception. How comes it that this vast country is left to the tender mercies of famine, and that its commercial capabilities are only developed to the extent of about one fourth? Alas! there is not even the excuse that all has been done that can be done. Selfishly speaking, if India is to mean anything to this district, it should mean commerce, and yet it has been governed hitherto as though her sole reason for existence was to afford a parade ground for British troops, and an excuse for the expenditure of British money on useless officials. Let us glance at the system of Indian government, and then ask ourselves if it is likely that any great commercial results can emanate from such a body as the Council of India. If we desire a specimen of pure and unadulterated fogeyism, here we have it in good sooth. The Council numbers fifteen, and be it noted, conducts the whole of its business in London. Of its members, nine are retired members of the Indian Civil Service, three retired Indian military officers, one retired Judge of the Bombay Supreme Court, one retired Registrar of the Calcutta Supreme Court, and one other official of the same court. Three of them are between seventy and eighty years of age, nine between sixty and seventy years, and the remaining three between fifty-three and sixty years: and they have severally served in India from thirty-five to fifty-two years. Six have been for considerable periods directors of the defunct East India Company, and eight, including some of such directors, have been upwards of ten years members of the India Council. A goodly company, i' faith, to have the care of stupendous commercial interests. Why, the very antiquity of their traditions must teach them only that government means the sword and the prison, and commerce but a vulgar and contemptible interference with official rights.

An agitation is now on foot to induce our government to introduce more of the commercial element into the composition of the Council of India; we sincerely hope that our Chamber of Commerce, and all other commercial powers and forces in the kingdom, will give the movement hearty support, and that such pressure will be brought to bear as will bring about at least the *possibility* of Indian reform. Those eternal laws, inexorable alike in politics and in commerce, cannot be broken with impunity. Before we can clothe India we must first see that she is fed; thereafter may we hope to clothe and feed our own people from the proceeds of a sound and prosperous commerce.

Mr. Robertson's new play, entitled *M.P.*, was produced with great success by Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft) at her theatre in London, on Saturday last. The author was too unwell to be present on the occasion.

MR. CARLYLE ON EMIGRATION.—Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in a letter to Mr. Parkes, Australia, writes as follows on the duty of England with regard to emigration:—"The subject used to be of earnest—almost of painful—interest to me in old years. It seemed to me then that no nation ever had such glorious opportunities of changing its nearly intolerable curses and choking nightmares into blessings and winged angels as Great Britain by colonizing, or was so scandalously throwing said opportunities away. I have since learnt that Great Britain will go on with parliamentary palaver, &c., were the Day of Judgment close at hand, and turn a deaf ear to all considerations of that or the like kind, and so I have dropped the speculation long ago, and it lies quite dead in me."

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THE WITHINGTON VESTRY MEETING.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE meeting for the election of churchwardens at the parish church of Withington, may be considered as an annual Easter festival, towards which, not only the residents of that delightful suburb, but all the inhabitants of this city (if not of the diocese) look forward with an unusual amount of interest. Previous to the day of holding the meeting, the walls of Rusholme and district had been well placarded, stating the satisfactory manner in which the parishioners' warden had discharged his duties during the past three years, and requesting the ratepayers again to support his nomination at the vestry meeting. Advertisements had also appeared in the papers respecting the tendency towards Ritualism, with which the services of the church are conducted by the rector. We quite expected a lively meeting, nor were we disappointed. Approaching the well known White Lion, which may be considered the head-quarters of the skirmishing party, an unusual amount of bustle and excitement was visible, and we doubt not there were as many inside as out, who, with sundry imbibings, were preparing themselves for their work at the meeting. In the school yard, before the doors were opened, many jokes were passed as one after another arrived, but every one seemed to take them with good humour and did his best to return six for the half dozen. From appearances it was evident the parishioners, would again be on the winning side if called on to vote for their warden, as the numbers were certainly four to one (if not more) of those who hailed from the White in opposition to those from the "Red Lion." When, however, the doors were opened, opinions were somewhat changed, as the friends of the rector had already mustered in good numbers, having been admitted by some other than the school door entrance. The chair was at once taken by the rector, he being, as he stated, entitled "by law" to the position. That he was well supported may be inferred from the fact that a resident magistrate stood on his right, neat and prim in his person, with hair carefully parted in the middle, and another on his left, who, during the last twelve months, has filled the office of rector's warden, and settled all differences with the rector by shaking hands. The parishioners' warden, too, was near the chair, supporting his brother in office, and seemed from his manner to be ready at any moment to propose another chairman, in the event of things not proceeding as he might think according to Cocker. Near him was his chairman of committee, well known in the village as a persevering leader in debate, and one who seems to delight in the company of those who are highly intelligent, and distinguished as they may be, &c. &c. (*vide* speeches). In a corner of the room, seemingly hiding himself because not a ratepayer, we see the late and much respected curate of the church. On a form, because little of stature, a face beaming with smiles and yet at times one that few care to see because of his duty to look after assessed taxes, Here, too, is one respected by all, on account of his long and blameless life, the largest farmer in the parish, whose daughters were once to be left off the visiting list because the father presided at a meeting where a testimonial was presented to the old village schoolmaster. Not far from him, the one who fired the first shot at the chairman, and whose length of coat last winter reminded one of the old puritan divines.

Any attempt to describe the confusion which prevailed throughout the whole of the meeting would be useless. What with eight or ten attempting to speak at once, one of whom, according to a contemporary, was going to sing, some calling the others "Wallerites," "ranters," &c., while they retorted with "No popish priests," "Down with the cross and decorations from the altar table," we were compelled, like the other reporters, to lay down our pencil in despair, the scene baffling all description, and we wondering whether we had not mistaken the vestry meeting of the Withington parish church for that of the wild beast menagerie in Knott Mill fair.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY CRICKET MATCHES.

THE following are the County Cricket Matches arranged for the ensuing season:—

May 26, 27, and 28.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford. For the benefit of F. Reynolds.

June 30 and July 1.—Gentlemen of Lancashire *v.* Gentlemen of Yorkshire, at Old Trafford.

July 11 and 12.—Gentlemen of Lancashire *v.* Gentlemen of Warwickshire, at Warwick.

July 21, 22, and 23.—Lancashire *v.* Hampshire, at Old Trafford.

July 28 and 29.—Gentlemen of Lancashire *v.* Gentlemen of Warwickshire, at Old Trafford (return).

August 4 and 5.—Gentlemen of Lancashire *v.* Gentlemen of Yorkshire, at York (return).

August 11, 12, and 13.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at the Oval (return).

August 15, 16, and 17.—Lancashire *v.* Hampshire, at Southampton (return).

THE QUAKER AND THE WIT.—A sheriff was once asked to execute a writ against a Quaker. On arriving at his house he saw the Quaker's wife, who, in reply to the inquiry whether her husband was at home, said he was, at the same time requesting him to be seated, and her husband would speedily see him. The officer waited patiently for some time, when, the fair Quakeress coming into the room, he reminded her of her promise that he might see her husband. "Nay, friend," said she; "I promised that he would see thee. He has seen thee. He did not like thy looks; therefore he avoided thee, and hath departed from the house by another path."

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A Transformation.—We once saw a manœuvre executed in a small country church, in a midland county, where there was no vestry-room. The officiating clerical had his black cassock on under the white surplice. The reading-desks joined each other. While the psalm was being sung, before the sermon commenced, he suddenly disappeared in white, and in another moment, almost with the rapidity of a pantomimic transformation, rose up in black on the other side. This is no fiction, but a positive fact, and it produced no sensation, being evidently the usual formula. —*Dublin University Magazine*..

What a Man Knows.—What a man can write out clearly, correctly, and briefly, without book or reference of any kind, that he undoubtedly knows, whatever else he may be ignorant of. For knowledge that falls short of that—knowledge that is vague, hazy, indistinct, uncertain—I for one profess no respect at all. And I believe that there never was a time or country where the influences of careful training were in that respect more needed. Men live in haste, write in haste—I was going to say think in haste, only that perhaps the word "thinking" is hardly applicable to that large number who, for the most part, purchase their daily allowance of thought ready-made.—*Lord Stanley (now Earl Derby)*.

Robespierre and Berthollet.—Berthollet, the distinguished *savant*, in the most dangerous times of the Republic, sustained his fearless love of truth. Some days prior to the 9 Thermidor, a sandy deposit was found in a barrel of brandy intended for the army. The contractors, suspected of poisoning, were immediately arrested, and the scaffold was already prepared. Berthollet, however, examined the brandy, and reported it free from all adulteration. "You dare maintain," said Robespierre to him, "that that brandy does not contain poison?" As his reply, Berthollet drank off a glass, saying, "I never drank so much before." You have plenty of courage," exclaimed Robespierre. "I had more when I signed my report," replied the chemist, and here the matter terminated.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Declined.—Marathon; Knott Mill Fair.

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Living Men of Letters:—
7. Mr. George Grote.
8. ,, Geo. A. Sala.
9. ,, W. Hepworth Dixon.
10. Mrs. Beecher Stowe.
11. Mr. H. W. Longfellow.
12. ,, John Ruskin.
13. ,, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Lancashire Worthies:—
Samuel Crompton.
Barton Booth, (the Actor).
John Collier, (Tim Bobbin).
John Dalton.

Sports and Pastimes:—
Billiards: Cook v. Bowell.
,, Cook v. Green.
,, Match for the Championship.
,, Sketch of Cook.
,, Sketch of Roberts, sen.
,, Cook v. Boberts, sen., in Manchester.
Billiard Medley.
The French and English Wrestlers.
The Wrestlers: Lancashire v. France.
A Nemesis Boat Race.
A Paper Chase.

Art:—
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The Manchester Artists' Exhibition.
Are Artists the only Judges of Art.
The Pictures at the Town Hall.
Mr. C. H. Rickards's Collection.
Portraits at the Public Institutions.
The Picture Sales, Royal Institution.
The Controversy on the Prize Picture.

The Drama:—
The Pantomimes-
Speetacle v. Pantomime.
The *Merchant of Venice* at the Prince's.
Mr. Barry Sullivan.
The *Gamester* and *Richard Third*.
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Formosa in Manchester.
Mr. Everill and Mr. Compton.
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The Athenæum Amateur Actors.

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2. The Apparitor.
3. The Prison Humourist.
4. The Boy in the Streets.
5. The Undertaker.
6. The Cabman.

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The Unexpected Visitor.
Lubbers Afloat.
The Twelve Apostles.
Lancashire Anecdotes.

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Deserted Churches: 4. All Souls', Ancoats.
,, ,, 5. St. George's, Rochdale Rd.
The Greek Archbishop in Manchester.
Pulpit and Pew.

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The Rhymster's Revenge.
Tied to Business.
Tell me, Lydia.
The Dance of Fancy.
Sonnet to Spring.
Shakespere and the Amateurs.
My Stage Career.
The Bold 'Bus Driver.'

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Notes on 'Change.
Proposed New Exchange.
The Old Exchange and the New.
Hints for a Catechism of Commerce.
Manners and Customs on 'Change.

Descriptive and Miscellaneous Papers:—
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Our Christmas Dinner in the Desert.
Sprigs from an Old Holly Bush.
What became of a Christmas Leg of Mutton.
How Moses Saved my Life.
The Germans in Manchester.
In Memoriam: James Prince Lee.
———— Thomas Fielden.
Bimini: By John Stores Smith.
What to Eat and How to Cook it.
On the Atlantic.
A Morning in the City Police Court.
A Ramble to Didsbury.
Tramways.
Our Daily Papers.
A Stranger at the Concert Hall.
Secresy in the City Council.
The Mordaunt Divorce Case.
Entering Clerks.
Southport in Winter.
St. Valentine's Eve at the Post Office.
A Sunday at the Eye Hospital.

Sphinx Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester.
Advertisements received not later than 10 o'clock on Thursday morning.

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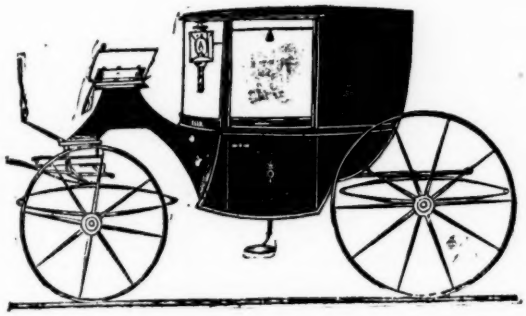

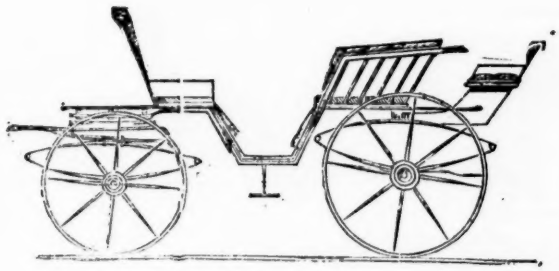

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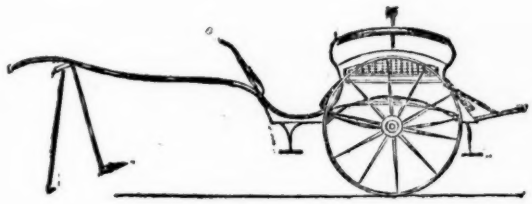

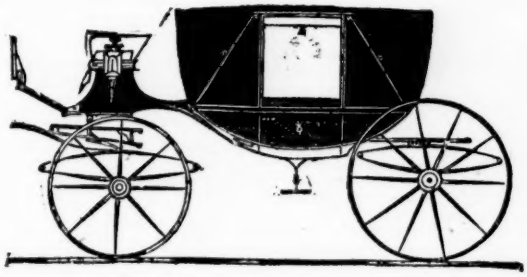

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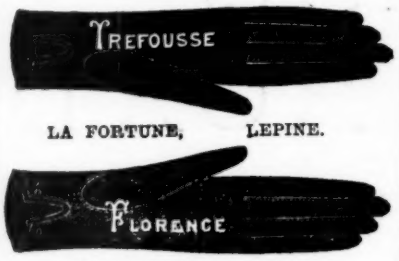

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